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# LORD OF THE MIRROR

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# LORD OF THE MANOR

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## ONE

"Andrew, wake up!"

The urgent whisper had little effect; he stirred and muttered something sleepily incoherent.

"Andrew, we've got burglars!"

In the darkness of night, the word carried a hint of unknown menace. He roused himself reluctantly.

"What's happening?"

"I heard a noise downstairs."

"An animal prowling outside," he suggested hopefully.

"No - it's here. Andrew, what are we going to do?"

"Phone the police." He groped for the extension on the bedside table.

"It's not working," he reported a few moments later.

"They've cut the wires!" his wife's voice trembled in fear.

"Could be a coincidence. This could be just a casual thief who'll run as soon as he sees that the house is occupied." Andrew hoped that he sounded more confident than he felt. "Stay here, Faye, I'm going downstairs."

For the first time since they moved to the wilds of the countryside, he was glad that Faye had always insisted on keeping an antique shillelagh in their bedroom. He pulled on his dressing-gown and, firmly grasping the heavy weapon, crept cautiously down the stairs. Naturally ignoring his instructions, Faye

followed him.

There was a light on in the kitchen/breakfast room. Andrew thrust open the door and peered in.

The "burglar" was sitting at the table drinking coffee.

"Don't just stand there, come in," he said affably. "You sleep very heavily - must be our good country air. I thought I should have to come and wake you."

"What the hell's going on?" Andrew demanded furiously. Relieved of his fear, he became the indignant householder. "I know you call yourself the squire of the village, Mr Ingleby, but that doesn't give you the right to walk into people's houses in the middle of the night - "

"My family have owned this village and everyone in it for five centuries," Mr Ingleby said coldly. "That gives me any right I choose to take."

"You're crazy - this is the twentieth century - "

"And for you it might as well be the sixteenth century."

How tenuous a grip they had on civilisation, Faye thought. Because the telephone wire had been cut, they were no longer successful young business executives who had chosen to live out of town. They had moved back in time and were peasants whose lives were subject to the whims of the landed gentry.

Andrew realised that he was still clutching the heavy wooden club. His civilised instincts had prevented him from using it because the intruder was a man to

whom he had been introduced and was doing nothing more menacing than drinking his coffee. Raising the weapon, he rushed forward - and found himself sprawling on the floor.

Faye should have gone to the aid of her stricken husband. Instead, she stood still, staring at the man who apparently held them at his mercy.

When they had met, in the village pub last weekend, her immediate reaction had been that he was the handsomest man she had ever seen. Then his stern aristocratic features and cold hazel eyes had given her an inexplicable shiver. Even at their first meeting, she had sensed the ruthless arrogance in him and it was as if she had known and accepted then that lesser beings were subject to his desires.

He looked at her and she bowed her head.

Andrew struggled to his feet but did not attempt to retrieve the shillelagh.

"We will adjourn to a more comfortable room," Mr Ingleby said. "Faye?"

She responded. "The sitting-room's through here."

Andrew followed them. Although Mr Ingleby had turned his back on him, Andrew knew that this presented no opportunity. He had no skills in unarmed combat, nor courage to invite another bruising landing on the stone paving of the cottage floors, from which the thick carpet offered little protection.

Mr Ingleby seated himself in an armchair and gazed approvingly at the frightened couple standing before



him. It had been so easy; surprised, disconcerted, inhibited by their own acquired gentility, they had allowed him every advantage.

"You are now to be taught the proper duties of serfs to their lord."

Faye gasped. She wanted to say this is crazy, this is unreal. But it was as if he had taken them aboard his personal time-machine; in his thrall, they had been transported back through centuries, to an age when the Lord of the Manor held the power of life or death over his peasant tenants.

Life or death . . . and the *droit de Seigneur*. The Lord's right to use the body of every attractive female in his domain. It was a great honour; her husband, too, would be obsequiously delighted that she had pleased the Master.

Administration Manager for an international company, Faye stood there in her diaphanous black nightie and negligée and trembled like a peasant-girl in rough homespun at the knowledge that she had been chosen to amuse their Lord.

"Take your clothes off," the Master ordered. "Both of you - strip naked."

This was the testing-point. His dominance had been established very easily, partly due to the pretensions of his captives. He had shocked them out of their civilised strait-jacket into a primitive world and now he was ordering them to abandon the final vestiges of their former reality.

Faye was shivering, though it was a warm summer

night. The serving-woman was afraid that she was not pretty enough to please her Lord. Hurriedly she pulled off her flimsy clothing and stood naked before him, head bowed, humbly presenting her body for his inspection.

It was a nightmare come true. Andrew felt stupefied, numbed, physically unable to move a limb to protect himself or his wife. He had failed and he surrendered, slipping off his dressing-gown and clumsily fumbling with the buttons of his pyjama-jacket.

He was taking too long; delay would displease the Master. He ripped off the last two buttons, pulled down his pyjama-trousers and stepped out of them. Like Faye, he stood with head bowed, an awkward hybrid of embarrassment and subjugation. His limp penis dangled in abnegation of manhood.

"Faye," the Master said, "my car is parked outside. On the front passenger-seat is a riding-whip. Bring it to me."

"Yes, my Lord." She bowed and hurried out of the room. Outside she paused, feeling the cool night air on her skin. She had never been out of doors naked before. She was gasping for breath as if starved of oxygen. Out of his presence, she was free of him. She could escape now. She could go to a neighbour - but they might already belong to him. There was a public phone-booth less than two hundred yards down the road, and no-one stood in her way. He had brought no vassals to support his incursion.

She opened the car door and stared at the riding-

crop. An instrument created to cause pain, and she knew that it would be applied to her own quivering flesh. Tentatively, as if expecting it to be red-hot, she touched the symbol of his authority. Then she picked it up and emerged from the car.

Escape was a few yards away, down the moonlit road. Faye turned her back on it and re-entered the house.

She knelt before her Master and presented the whip to him. He accepted it. The kneeling woman and her cowering, ineffectual husband had rendered absolute submission.

Faye was conscious of an incongruously peaceful sensation. In handing over the whip, she had relinquished her last responsibility, now her only duty was obedience.

"Andrew," the Master ordered, "sit on the settee, at the right-hand side. Faye, bend over the arm of the settee. Andrew, hold her so that she does not attempt to move."

Faye had already subjected herself totally to him. She would do her utmost to remain in position, however excruciating the pain of the whipping which he was about to administer. But it was essential that Andrew should make this symbolic service to the man who was also his Master. As a slave, his duty to his Master must take precedence over the protection of his wife.

Faye positioned herself. The arm of the settee elevated her bottom, presenting it for thrashing. Her breasts rested on her husband's knee, the left nipple pressing against his flaccid and useless organ. She



felt him gripping her arms to hold her in position.

She heard her Master walk towards her, and felt his hand gently fondling the soft pale flesh of her bottom.

"The induction of a new slave is a most enjoyable task," he observed. "Especially when the slave recognises that it is her duty to serve her Master's pleasure. Are you ready to be whipped, Faye?"

"Yes, Master, if it pleases you."

"Then beg for the honour of pleasing me."

"Master - " her voice trembled, then she went on more steadily " - let me serve you in any way that you desire. Teach me to be a satisfactory slave. I need to be whipped!"

The riding-whip swished through the air and the impact of the first stroke brought a cry of pain and an involuntary struggle against the imprisoning grasp of the other slave. Andrew gazed at the red line branded in the white skin of his wife's buttocks and recoiled in horror. But he did not relax his grip, staring wordlessly at the man who was now raising the whip a second time.

The second lash fell and Faye gave a moan that might have been anguish but its undertones hinted that she had passed beyond the first shock to a realisation of the delights that lay beyond pain. The scorching throbbing in her bottom had now penetrated between her legs and her loins were aflame with desire.

After the third stroke, she was unable to keep count. The ecstasy of pain had transported her to a dream-

world where the only actuality was her servitude. For a moment it was as if her Master was merely an instrument of her self-realisation. She was a slave, all her life had been a preparation for this moment, the pain and humiliation were as essential to her existence as air and water.

Eventually it was Andrew who broke the spell. He cried and begged for mercy, said that he could bear no more.

"Are you willing to take her place?"

"Yes!"

Released, Faye slipped to the floor, then crawled away from the settee as Andrew positioned himself.

He tried to endure his flogging without a sound, but the intensity of pain brought tears to his eyes and his pleas were now for himself.

At last the Master stopped.

"Remain in position, Andrew. Faye, go upstairs."

She obeyed eagerly. Having hastily smoothed the duvet on the bed, she stood awaiting her Master.

"Turn round." He examined her bottom. "Yes, quite satisfactory. I enjoy fucking a well-thrashed slave. Lie on the bed. Legs wide apart and raised."

She lay motionless as he undressed and came towards her. He forced her legs still wider, examining the orifice that was humbly presented for his amusement, then came down on her, his penis thrusting deep inside her moist and eager cunt, lunging energetically. He prolonged his enjoyment until she

was exhausted with his usage, then, groaning in pleasure, he lay on top of her. She felt the hot sperm ejaculating inside her, then lost herself in her own writhing, moaning climax.

Faye attended her Master as he showered and dressed, then followed him downstairs. Andrew was obediently still in position across the arm of the settee.

The Master seated himself and ordered them to kneel before him.

"I have accepted you both as my serfs. This means that you belong to my estate and will serve in my household. Your training will commence this afternoon. Report to my housekeeper at three o'clock."

Dawn was breaking as he drove away. Faye and Andrew stood on the step, naked hosts bidding temporary farewell to their unexpected guest.

"I'll make some coffee," Faye said prosaically when their Master's Range Rover had disappeared down the road.

Andrew followed her into the kitchen. The red weals on her buttocks sharply contrasted with her white skin and he retrieved her negligée and his dressing-gown from the sitting-room where they had been discarded.

"What are we going to do?" he asked.

"We obey him. There is nothing else to do."

"But what about our jobs?"

"Presumably he will let us go to the office on



Monday. If not - " she laughed " - I'll give up the city life to be a housemaid."

"You really intend to go to the Manor this afternoon?"

"Of course. We have been ordered to do so."

"Well, I'm not going!" Andrew declared. "If you enjoyed being whipped and raped, you can stay. I can't call the police, it's too embarrassing and you probably wouldn't back me up, but I'm getting out!"

He hastily dressed, threw some belongings into a suitcase and went out to his car. A few minutes later, he returned.

"It won't start. Give me your keys."

"No."

He seized her handbag. She said: "You'll never find them."

"I'll call a garage as soon as they're open."

"Do you think they'll make it go?"

"I'll call the AA."

"They won't be able to fix it on the spot. And you're at home so they won't take you anywhere."

"I'll hire a car."

"You'll have to get into town for that. Walking?"

Andrew stared at her, then put his face in his hands.

"What are we going to do?"

She smiled. "The only thing we have to do is obey."

## TWO

Later that morning, Faye called at the village shop. Whilst speaking to the proprietress, she noticed that the woman's attention was distracted. A sleek sports car had drawn up outside.

"It's Mrs Ingleby!"

A beautiful blonde lady entered the shop.

Faye curtsied and stepped aside so that the beaming proprietress could serve the Lady of the Manor.

Whilst keeping her head submissively bowed, Faye watched curiously. So this was her Mistress. Because, in this world, men owned their wives, this expensively-dressed lady was also a slave, but in a very different way.

Did the Master whip her?

Would the Mistress whip her slaves?

Mrs Ingleby's mundane errand was to inspect a new type of cheese. It was agreed that some would be delivered to the Manor.

Faye and the proprietress curtsied again as she left.

"It's good to see the old standards maintained," the woman commented approvingly.

"Does everyone who comes to this area learn to conform?"

"Oh, yes. Of course, not all are suitable to serve at the Manor. But they know their place."

### THREE

Faye and Andrew drove to the Manor. As she had expected, her car had not been tampered with. How well the Master understood both of them.

It was a large, imposing building. She parked at the back and, silently followed by Andrew, went to ring the bell at the servants' entrance.

The door was opened by a uniformed maid, who invited them in and conducted them to a room where they changed into servant's uniform. The male attire was a white shirt, black bow-tie, black trousers and shoes; the female garb was a black bra, suspender belt and stockings, covered by a contrastingly demure black dress, white cap and apron. Before Andrew put on his uniform, the maid laced his penis into a leather harness which, although it would not impede urination, would render erection impossible.

"I could get out of that at any time," he remarked.

"But you're not allowed to," she replied simply.

Faye said: "I presume panties are not part of the uniform."

The maid giggled. "Of course not! Now hurry up and get dressed."

She led them to the housekeeper's room, where she told them to wait. "Mrs Gardner will see you soon."

Faye and Andrew stood outside the door. The minutes dragged slowly past.

At last they heard brisk footsteps along the corridor. "Come in," the housekeeper said, and led the



way into her office. She seated herself behind her desk and the new servants stood humbly before her.

A stout, middle-aged lady in a smart black dress, Mrs Gardner surveyed the new members of her staff with interest. They were by no means the first to be recruited in this manner, but it was pleasing that all had reacted similarly. The nouveau-riche had sought a temporary opting-out and found an escape from the rat-race more complete than they had expected, in the feudal system.

"We have a house-party here this weekend," she said, "so there is no time to train new servants. All you have to remember is that you must be humble and obedient at all times. The guests are well aware of the situation. In other words, they know that the staff here are serfs and they will treat you accordingly. Servants will at all times walk in single file along the corridors and, if you encounter a lady or gentleman, you will bow or curtsy and stand aside to let them pass. You will not speak unless spoken to and you will address gentlemen as 'sir' and ladies as 'ma'am' unless otherwise ordered. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," Faye said meekly.

"Andrew?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Any questions?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, Faye?"

"Please, ma'am, does everyone of the ladies and gentlemen have the right to whip us and - and - " she hesitated.

"To fuck you?" Mrs Gardner sounded amused. "Of course - depending on their inclinations. You are serfs and therefore subject to the gentry in all ways."

"Please, ma'am - "

"Yes, Faye?"

"I've never had any experience of serving a lady. I wouldn't know what to do."

"Then we shall have to remedy such ignorance. But first, there is a little ceremony of welcome which all new servants must undergo."

She led them to the servants' hall, where she presented them to the butler, Mr Holgate. Rising from her curtsy, Faye looked at him curiously. A tall, spare, middle-aged man, he was also a servant, yet he presumably had the rights of a master over the lower serfs. There were several maids and footmen present, and she recognised two or three girls she had encountered in the village.

Andrew was ordered to the whipping-bench, where he lowered his trousers and underpants and positioned himself to receive six stinging strokes of the cane from Mrs Gardner. It was the normal custom for the housekeeper to punish the footmen, the butler the maids. He heard a couple of the maids giggling; it was more likely to be nervousness than mockery, but it strengthened his resolve not to cry out during his

"welcome".

When his chastisement was completed, Faye took his place bending over the whipping-bench. She raised her skirt to expose her naked bottom for the caning administered by the butler. Afterwards he ordered her to accompany him to his room. Andrew was sent to answer a bell rung by one of the guests.

Mr Holgate closed the door. The new maid stood submissively awaiting his command.

He surveyed her, smiling. He greatly enjoyed this moment. This type of woman thought she was as good as her betters; in other circumstances, she might have expected to be invited to dine at the Manor, to be waited upon by the butler. Now she was subject to his discipline and he ruled the lower servants harshly.

"Take your apron and dress off. Leave your cap on."

He unhooked her brassière and fondled her breasts. Then he sat down and unzipped his trousers. "Suck me."

She knelt before him and hesitantly took the tip of his penis in her mouth. She was not good at this; she had never enjoyed it. Anxious to please, she licked energetically.

With his hands behind her head, he forced his penis further down her throat. She choked and spluttered, vainly trying to escape.

He withdrew his cock from her mouth and slapped her face hard, then thrust his cock back, forcing her on to him. Desperately Faye tried to assimilate what



seemed to be a huge organ and gradually she began to adjust to the action demanded of her.

Moving her head back and forth, sucking rhythmically, she trembled in fear that he might be able to contain himself for as long as their Master. Greatly to her relief, her acute discomfort was shortlived. His movements became jerky and she gladly swallowed the sperm which he pumped down her throat.

"Stand up. That was not at all satisfactory, Faye."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"You need more practice, and I shall see that you get it."

She winced and managed an unconvincing "Thank you, sir."

He smiled, enjoying her discomposure. "I shall see to it that you have a training-session at least once a day."

"Thank you, sir."

"Put on your clothes."

Dressed again, the maid stood before him, awaiting his permission to depart. He watched her expressionless face. Inexperienced though she was, the new serving-wench was a true slave. She was here by her own choice and she had just undergone what she found to be an unpleasant form of subjection, yet there was no hesitation, no doubts. Beginners often tried to back out when they discovered that the life of a slave had certain drawbacks. This one was totally committed to her

new way of life, for she had the intelligence to recognise that it was her true way.

"You may go."

"Thank you, sir."

A maid was waiting outside. "The Mistress wants to see you, Faye. I'll show you to her sitting-room."

## FOUR

The Lady of the Manor smiled. "So this is the new serving-wench. I hope you will prove a satisfactory addition to our staff, Faye."

"I shall do my best, ma'am."

"I understand that you work for a small computer manufacturer."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You look surprised, Faye. Why?"

"Am I to keep my job, ma'am?"

"We will discuss that later, when your performance here can be assessed. What exactly is your employment?"

"Administration, ma'am. Staff organisation and accounting."

Mrs Ingleby asked for further details of her work, then said: "That will be all, Faye. You may go."

"Thank you, ma'am."

Faye curtsied and left, slightly puzzled. Her company was too small and struggling to be of any use to anyone else. Perhaps it was her own talents which were to be of use. A large staff and a large estate needed a considerable amount of administration. So she might have a permanent place here - always, even when she became too old to be a serving-wench.

Through a window, she gazed at the gardens and, beyond them, the fields and woodlands of the estate.



It looked so permanent, so secure.

"What's this, nothing to do, wench?"

She jumped and turned round, curtseying hastily. One of the gentlemen had just come in from riding.

"I'm sorry, sir, I - "

"What were you daydreaming about?"

"This place. I only came here this afternoon, and already I feel like I belong. It all seems so natural."

He nodded approvingly. "Yes. Serfs belong to the estate, just as horses and cows. Come and help me get my boots off."

## FIVE

Silently, passively, Andrew stood by the wall in the main lounge, watching attentively for any signal that meant a lady or gentleman required another drink or any other form of service. His buttocks throbbed and he longed to rub them, but knew that such a movement would incur further punishment.

In a restaurant, waiters stood around, ready to serve the customers. It had never before occurred to him to wonder if any of them resented having to earn their living in such subservience. He now found himself in a far more degrading position. If he was allowed to go to his office on Monday, he would never come back. If he was not allowed to leave this place, a means of escape would eventually present itself, but he would never be able to erase the humiliating memory of this weekend; and probably there was worse to come. He shuddered.

His involuntary movement attracted the attention of a heavily-built, grey-haired matron sitting nearby, apparently absorbed in her knitting.

"Are you one of the new serfs?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am."

She surveyed him critically and nodded. "I thought so. You look as if you are not yet reconciled to your position."

He was silent.

"The best way to train a serf is through the backside," she said. "Have you been properly welcomed

to the estate?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It was obviously not enough. Turn around and lower your trousers."

"What - in here, ma'am?"

"Of course. Serfs are not allowed modesty. Hurry!"

Scarlet with embarrassment, he obeyed. He was almost glad of the leather harness which at least concealed part of his limp organ.

"The new serf seems to have been quite adequately thrashed." Another lady had moved over to observe.

"Yes, it's quite well-marked." The grey-haired lady sounded disappointed.

Andrew was by now accustomed to hearing himself referred to as "it", and was well aware that serfs were animals, the property of the estate. He gladly obeyed the order to resume his clothing and took up his place at the side of the room. He wondered where Faye was at this moment. Being raped for the third or fourth time, probably.

He must not think like that. They were no longer husband and wife, they were serfs owned by the Squire and his Lady. It was a great honour for Faye that she was allowed to please the gentlemen.

What was he thinking? It was as if there were two parts of his brain, one feeling it obligatory to rebel and the other gradually coming to acceptance. If he had been born a serf, it would never have occurred to



him that there was any other way of life.

*But no-one was born a serf in this century.*

Perhaps they were, on this estate. The ancient traditions lived on; and now he had been brought to be a part of them.

In response to a summons, he hurried to serve more drinks.

Was a serf ever allowed any pleasures, he wondered. Would the leather harness ever be unlaced? Of course none of the ladies would so demean themselves but he might sometimes be allowed the company of a female serf? Would she be selected for him? Would she be willing? But of course that was irrelevant. If the serfs were ordered to perform, they would do so. Perhaps some of the females were used for breeding. Or perhaps not, when the Squire could recruit new serfs so easily.

Easily? No, it had not been easy. In other circumstances it would have been impossible. There was something in the atmosphere of this place, steeped in its ancient traditions, resolutely maintaining the old ways, which had an effect on everyone here. Everyone fitted into their rightful place and it all seemed natural.

## SIX

Faye prepared the bath and helped the gentleman out of his riding-kit. He ordered her to strip and attend him whilst he bathed. He relaxed in the warm water, as the serf gently soaped and massaged him. Faye had assumed her new role so completely that it did not occur to her that there was anything strange in performing such intimate service for a gentleman whose name she did not even know.

He emerged from the bath and she knelt to help him dry himself. As she gently patted the towel around his genital area, his penis stirred unmistakably. Mouth open, she looked at him enquiringly and he nodded his permission.

She tried very hard to engulf his organ; it seemed slightly easier this time, perhaps she was becoming more accustomed to this manner of fucking. Licking hard, sliding her mouth up and down, she was almost surprised when he stopped her.

"Get on the bed."

She spread her legs invitingly and he mounted her, bouncing vigorously until he had satisfied himself.

"I always want a fuck after I've been riding," he remarked. Then he laughed. "Another form of riding. I hope you've been well ridden today, wench."

"Yes, sir."

"Turn over." He inspected her buttocks, then his hard hand administered a few slaps. "Well-marked, as a good serf should be. Get dressed and take my boots

down to the kitchen to be cleaned."

Downstairs, the serfs were preparing to serve dinner. Having no specific task, Faye was standing around uncertainly, when the imperious summons of a bell sounded and Mrs Gardner despatched her to one of the guest-rooms in response.

A female serf was bending over a stool, sobbing loudly; a lady in a dressing-gown was wielding a cane. She surveyed Faye critically.

"Have you any experience as a lady's maid?"

"A bit, ma'am," Faye lied. She knew enough about clothes and makeup and hair from the days when she had been accustomed to such finery.

"You could hardly be more inept than that ham-fisted wench. Help me get dressed - hurry!"

Faye fulfilled her duties adequately, only earning two slaps during the process of attiring her new Mistress. When the lady had departed, the punished girl rose from the stool, gingerly rubbing her sore and wealed bottom.

"Thanks," she said to Faye. "She must have been pleased with you - she forgot to send me for Punishment."

"What does that mean? Something more than - than the 'welcome', for instance?"

The girl giggled. "Oh, much more! You'll find out soon enough."

"Don't be so mysterious! I want to know now."

"Oh, all right. Come with me."

Faye followed the other maid down the back stairs, then across the courtyard to the stables.

"During the week," her guide explained, "any serf who deserves extra punishment has to make their own birch-rod." She indicated the several rods which were soaking in a large trough at the far end of the stable. "Then, on Sunday morning, Mr Reynolds does the birchings. All the serfs have to be here to watch, of course, and most of the ladies and gentlemen come."

"Who's Mr Reynolds?"

"The head gamekeeper. You'll meet him soon enough. Oh, he's a serf, but above the rest of us - like Mrs Gardner and Mr Holroyd. Their families have been at the Manor for generations. Now we'd better be getting back before we're missed."

Faye was fascinated by the birch-rods. "Have you ever been birched?"

The other girl shuddered. "Only once, and it was that bad-tempered bitch who sent me. Everyone tries to avoid being assigned as her maid when she visits the Manor."

"What did it feel like - being birched?"

"I can't describe it. Like a dozen canes all at once. Mr Reynolds is supposed to be one of the foremost experts in the country and I can believe it!"

"Expert in the use of a birch?"

"Yes. You don't think this is the only country estate



where they have serfs."

"Oh! I suppose not. It hadn't actually occurred to me. But I can't understand how such an enormous secret can be kept."

"It isn't a secret."

"But supposing a newspaper got hold of the story?"

"The reporter would probably find that his editor enjoys weekends in the country. Faye, this is wealthy and powerful people doing their own thing and they're not committing any crime. So why should there be any fuss about it? If - " she broke off. They heard heavy footsteps crossing the courtyard. "It's Mr Reynolds," she whispered, recognising the footsteps.

Both girls curtsied as the head gamekeeper entered the stable.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Please, sir, Faye's new today - she wanted to see the birches."

He laughed. "I think you'll be feeling one of them soon enough! Well, Faye, what do you think of them?"

She hesitated. "They look very impressive, sir. But I haven't really had a proper look at them."

He lifted out one of the rods and shook the water from the twigs. "The water keeps them supple and the salt will prevent any infection in the cuts which occur during punishment."

"And make them sting even more."

"Of course. This is a punishment which the serf has to remember for a long time."

"I'm sure any serf punished by you would remember it, sir."

He looked at her appraisingly. "The new girl. And you want to experience the most severe punishment."

She bowed her head. "As you said, I'm new, sir. I haven't been properly trained yet and it's very difficult to adjust to this situation. I keep thinking it's unreal. Maybe you can help me, sir."

"How can I refuse such an appeal? Come with me."

Obediently she followed him to the small but comfortable house in the Manor grounds which was known as the head keeper's cottage. A uniformed maid was awaiting Mr Reynolds' return and he ordered her to bring coffee. He led Faye into a back room.

"I always keep a few rods in pickle," he remarked. "Just to practise during the week. Strip, and position yourself on the bench."

She felt the cold wet birch-twigs gently stroking across her buttocks.

"At Punishment sessions, the serf is tied to the bench," Mr Reynolds went on. "I may have to tie you. We shall see."

The birch swished down and Faye could not repress a scream as she felt the biting impact of the thin supple branches. A dozen whips at once. In one stroke, her whole bottom was throbbing. She clung to the bench, gasping.

"Keep your legs still," he ordered.

She tried to obey, but the second stinging stroke caused her to wriggle even more wildly. The acute agony of the third and hardest stroke made her beg for mercy. She was still grasping the bench, still determined not to fail by attempting escape, but she did not know how long she could endure.

"Three more strokes," he said. "You will remain in position."

"Sir, I can't!"

The fourth stroke had her screaming and sobbing, but she managed to maintain position and not to relax her grip.

"Two more strokes. Are you going to fail the test?"

"I can't bear it!" she gasped. "Please - "

"So you admit defeat?"

"No!" Incoherent with pain, she could say no more, but she was still lying across the bench, her bottom still raised, mutely begging him to complete this lesson.

The fifth stroke caused her to lose her grip and she slid to the foot of the bench and knelt there, weeping.

"Are you going to fail now?"

"No!"

With a final effort she dragged herself up on to the bench again.

"Are you ready for the final stroke?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Please - -"

At last her plea was for the whip, not for mercy.

The last stroke was the culmination of her endurance and Faye had proved herself.

"A stubborn wench," Reynolds commented admiringly. "Worthy to be a serf on this noble estate. There is one more test." He carried her upstairs to his bedroom.

She lay with arms and legs outstretched, tearstained face but smiling happily. Her body was eager to receive him and, as he thrust his cock into her hot, wet cunt, she gasped in delight. Moving rhythmically, lelsurely, they enjoyed each other. The friction of his cock moving up and down inside her sent tremors of ecstasy through her entire body.

He was an important man on the estate and he had the right to use any of the servant-girls he chose, yet he too was a serf. In serving a gentleman, she had always been aware of a slight tension caused by her anxiety to please him. If she had failed to render suitable service, she might be banished from the estate, and where would she go now, since she knew that this was the only place she belonged. With Reynolds she was relaxed; they were both giving and receiving pleasure.



## SEVEN

Faye gazed intently as the supple birch imprinted a network of red lines across the buttocks of the serf. The four others awaiting punishment stood to one side, two males and two females, naked and trembling. The gentry were seated on a row of chairs, watching with varying degrees of interest and amusement. Standing behind those chairs, the serfs who were not to receive a birching were reacting in their different ways. Most stared calmly, a few smiled and one of the maids was sobbing.

"Silly bitch," the girl next to Faye whispered. "It's her boyfriend that's getting his arse striped now. If they find out, she'll be for it, too."

"Aren't serfs allowed - ?" Faye broke off, as the Squire's Lady heard the whispering and looked round. When the first birching had been completed, Mrs Ingleby turned again and beckoned to Faye. Faye stepped forward and curtsied.

"Come round to the front," the lady ordered, and, when Faye was standing before her, she asked: "what were you talking about?"

Faye hesitated momentarily, but she knew where her loyalty lay. "One of the other maids was telling me, ma'am - the girl was crying because she likes the serf who was being birched."

"I see. Mrs Gardner, I think this is a matter you should deal with."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," the housekeeper said grimly.

"Faye, you may return to your place."

Faye curtsied again and went back to stand with the other serfs. "Sorry!" she whispered to her Informant. The girl shrugged but did not speak.

Reynolds commenced the second birching. This serf was a teenage boy and the blood flowed easily from his lacerated bottom. He howled and pleaded, tugging fruitlessly against the straps which secured him to the whipping-bench. Faye was not counting the strokes, but she thought that this was a more severe flogging than the first had been, and she was not surprised when she was told later that the boy was Reynolds' son.

The females were dealt with more leniently. Reynolds was enjoying himself caressing their wealed bottoms between strokes. Faye wondered which of them would serve him afterwards. She knew that she had to report to Mrs Gardner.

The three maids stood before the housekeeper's desk.

"Faye, six strokes of the tawse for whispering during the Punishment Session."

"Thank you, ma'am." Faye made the obligatory reply.

"Sally, six strokes of the tawse for whispering during the Punishment Session."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"And, for knowing of another serf's breach of discipline and not reporting it, one week's hard labour on the farm."

Sally burst into tears. "Please, ma'am - I can't

stand a whole week! It's such hard work!"

Mrs Gardner ignored her. "Doreen, you are aware that attachments between serfs are forbidden."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You will, of course, undergo a similar Punishment next Sunday."

"Thank you, ma'am." Doreen's voice trembled, but she was resigned to her fate.

"And, to prevent any further breach of discipline, you must be separated from the object of your attachment."

"Please, ma'am, don't send me away! I don't know where I'd go - "

"You will stay here. We have too many male house servants, so this one will be transferred permanently to the farm. Doreen, you may go." Sobbing, Doreen left. Mrs Gardner stood up and unhooked the tawse from her belt. "Sally, position yourself."

The heavy leather was thwacking against the maid's bare bottom, leaving wide red stripes across her flesh. She remained stoically soundless. To Faye's surprise, Sally was dismissed when her tawsing had been completed and she had thanked the housekeeper for her punishment in the prescribed manner.

"Position yourself, Faye."

Instead of the impact of the thick straps, she felt the housekeeper's hand caressing her wealed flesh. "So you had your first birching last night, Faye. Did



you enjoy it?"

"I don't know, ma'am. It hurt terribly. But I wanted it - I needed it."

"Good." Mrs Gardner swung the tawse and Faye's bottom, still sore from the birch, trembled under the smack of the thick leather tongues. The housekeeper waited a moment and then said: "You are to be assigned as one of Mr Reynolds' housemaids."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Are you pleased, Faye?"

"If it pleases you, ma'am."

Mrs Gardner laughed and the tawse cracked again. "It's a great honour for you, Faye. You are to learn about the estate. But, more important at first, you must be a dutiful and obedient servant to Mr Reynolds."

Faye gasped as she felt the third stroke of the tawse, then said: "Yes, ma'am. I shall be."

"Oh, I'm sure you will."

Her fingers probed between Faye's thighs, then withdrew and the tawse fell again.

"You're so hot for him that your cunt's dripping, even while you're being thrashed, and that usually makes girls dry up. I have a lovely big dildo that hurts quite a lot when you're tight and dry. Makes a girl very tender, so she wriggles about a lot when a gentleman uses her." Mrs Gardner took a deep breath and administered the fifth stroke, then continued: "But it won't work when you're wet and randy. Still,



we don't really have time. You have to report to Mr Holgate for your daily lesson in mouth-fucking." She felt Faye's cunt again. "Could it be that it's got a little bit drier already?"

"No, ma'am," Faye said firmly. She trembled from the fiery sting of the sixth stroke, then went on: "I need a lot of training to be good at mouth-fucking, and I'm trying very hard."

"Good. It is important. Have you ever been arse-fucked?"

"No, ma'am."

"We'll have to leave that to Mr Reynolds. Damn, I don't like letting an untrained serf out of my direct supervision - still, if you don't please him, he'll send you back. You may leave the whipping-stool."

Faye stood up, then knelt to kiss Mrs Gardner's hand as she had been trained to do.

"Thank you for punishing me, ma'am."

"You may go."

"Please, ma'am - "

"Yes, Faye?"

"Do I have to go back to London tomorrow? I could resign by telephone."

"No, you will work out your resignation month. You may return here at weekends. Now go, you must not keep Mr Holgate waiting."

Mr Holgate was not waiting. He was not in his office and Faye stood outside the door until he returned.

He led her into the room and told her to stand with her mouth open until he was ready for her. She waited obediently whilst he dealt with queries from the other serfs who had been waiting to see him. One of them was Andrew.

He had brought a copy of next weekend's guest-list for the butler. He hardly noticed Faye. His wife was standing submissively to one side of the desk in her humiliatingly revealing maidservant's uniform, her mouth wide open to receive the butler's cock when he was ready to amuse himself.

Not Andrew's wife. That felt as if it had never been. They were two serfs owned by the estate, and serfs were not allowed to have relationships with each other.

Faye wished that she dared close her mouth. She keenly felt the humiliation of standing like a receptacle awaiting the butler's usage. Yet, as always, the humiliation was causing her sex-juices to flow and she even felt a slight trickle down one thigh.

Mr Holgate turned his chair towards her and ordered her to kneel before him. He unzipped his trousers and pulled her head forward, thrusting his prick into her wideopen and by now dry mouth, feeling the pleasurable friction before the automatic salivation made his penis slide more easily towards her throat. He mouth-fucked her hard and she desperately tried to control the retching which pressure on her sensitive throat still induced. His cock thrust ever deeper and she felt unable to breathe. At last the semen spurted and this time she managed not to allow

any of it to dribble down her chin.

After lunch, the two new serfs were ordered to strip. Mr Holgate led them to the drawing-room, where they knelt before their Master as he ceremonially placed the metal serf-collars around their necks. Then they were taken to his study where they signed over all their property to him.

So now she truly belonged. Faye sighed in contentment and the Master nodded approvingly. Andrew, too, was conscious of a strange exhilaration. Total freedom from all the responsibilities which had weighed so heavily. For the first time since commencing his working life, he did not dread Monday morning. He no longer depended on the rise and fall of shares, the buying and selling of that illusory wealth. True wealth was in the land and the people who worked it and he was now a part of that security.

## EIGHT

"Take your clothes off," Mr Reynolds ordered. He picked up his riding-whip and then, to Faye's surprise, said: "We're going for a walk. Come along, Faye."

It was a hot day, with only a slight breeze. She enjoyed the strange sensation of nudity in the open air. On the way through the gardens towards the farm, they passed several people, but no-one appeared to see anything strange in the spectacle of a fully-clothed man carrying a whip and escorting a naked girl.

They entered the wood, Faye picking her way cautiously across the rough ground. She had never gone barefoot before except on a beach, and the soft soles of her feet were sensitive to the smallest twig or stone.

In the wood an old fallen tree was lying across a clearing. Some of its branches had been sawn off the trunk and others had been trimmed to a length of about six inches.

"I had this left here when it fell," Reynolds informed her. "It makes a natural whipping-bench. Position yourself with one of the smaller branches between your legs."

She obeyed and murmured in delight as the rough bark stimulated her sexual area.

"Lower yourself and bend your legs so that all your weight is on the branch."

A sharp cut of the riding-crop across her tender



bottom caused her to make an involuntary movement and she gasped as the branch rasped cruelly across her cunt and labia. She tried to take some of her weight on her legs so that she was not resting her most sensitive parts on the harsh tree, but another stroke of the whip caused her to lose that balance and the pain of the lash was lost in the acute discomfort of her position. Spreadeagled across the trunk, her stomach and breasts also painfully scratched by the scabrous bark, the thin branch which protruded at almost a right angle from the tree provided a natural torture device and was rubbing her cunt-lips raw.

The branch, digging into her trembling flesh, felt even thinner than it had appeared when she had placed herself astride it. Desperately, she tried pressing herself against it even more heavily; it might break.

"Go down on it hard." Reynolds sounded amused. "Heavier weights than you have tried to break that branch."

He lashed her buttocks again and she screamed hysterically. The branch was scraping her clitoris and, despite the racking torment, she was conscious of the ferment of mounting climax. She tried to hold it back - he might be displeased - then the whip flicked across her back and she lost her last remnant of self-control, riding the branch as she writhed in orgasm, unable to stem her convulsions although they increased the agony of the skin being abraded from her body.

At last she lay still, sobbing quietly.

"Get up," Reynolds ordered. "Lie on the ground and get your legs apart."

He gazed in satisfaction at the red, raw patches on her delicate flesh. Being fucked now would add to her pain, she would probably be unable to have a second orgasm. And he would use her long and hard, rubbing his cock against her soreness until he was properly satisfied.

However, he was aware that they had an audience. A lady and gentleman had been riding and, attracted by the noise, reined in their horses to watch as the new girl was put through further training. Reynolds bowed to them.

"The female is properly prepared, sir. Would you care to test it?"

"Yes, I think so." The gentleman dismounted. "Hold my coat, Reynolds." He unzipped his trousers and thrust his swollen prick into the splayed cunt of the female serf who was lying on the ground with her legs raised wide apart.

The lady watched enviously. Envious of the beaten and abused servant. Riding side-saddle, the lady was denied even the slight relief of friction with her mount. Her husband lunged energetically and the serf's cries and moans might have been pain or delight.

The gentleman satisfied himself and stood up, zipping his trousers to conceal his now flaccid cock. Reynolds obsequiously held out his coat.

"Thank you, Reynolds. I think my wife would like to see you later. Shall we say five o'clock."

"Very good, sir." Reynolds bowed again.

The lady was smiling, her lips parted in eager anticipation. So it would soon be her turn for some rough treatment. She would be whipped and raped by a serf, and her husband would enjoy her humiliation almost as much as she did. How fortunate they were in this situation. Serfs would do anything to please the gentry but would never presume upon this close acquaintance. Reynolds would enjoy her - perhaps as much as he enjoyed his new woman - but he would never gossip about the aristocratic lady whom he had degraded.

Reynolds watched as the gentry rode away. The lady would look much better wearing nothing but her riding-boots and hat. She would not be side-saddle then.

He turned to Faye, who was still lying submissively, her body exposed, awaiting him. This new serf would certainly be an asset to the estate, and it was his responsibility to ensure that she was thoroughly trained.

END









